

Uh....sorry about that. It says on the inside that you are looking at a cover by Willie Rotsler. Obviously, you are not.

It is around here somewhere but at the moment seems to have gone astray. As has my file of art, lettering guides, stylii, shading plates, and Foo knows what else. Fantastic. The first issue in a year and Ol' Roytac still can't get it all together.

Let's say simply this is

DYNATRON #65

a genuine Tackett crudzine.

You were expecting maybe something better?



SURPRISE! This is, really and truly, another issue of DYNATRON. I'll bet you thought you'd never see one. Some of you may have even hoped you'd never see one. I was beginning to have some doubts about it myself.

There'll be some sort of explanation in these pages, I suspect.

Anyway, for whatever it's worth, this is DYNATRON. The 65th issue, I think. In case it really isn't--I hereby decree that it is. After all, if I can decree that BUBONICON 8 was BUBONICON 7, I can certainly designate this as DYNATRON 65.

DYNATRON is a fanzine. What sort of fanzine I'll leave up to the reviewers. They all seem to have different thoughts on the subject. DYNATRON is normally published on a quarterly schedule but I think that may be out the window since the last issue appeared some 10 months ago. Let us say then that DYNATRON is published at the whim of the editor who is Roy Tackett of 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USA. The price of this thing is 35¢ or three for \$1.00 which is pretty reasonable when you consider the price of stencils, ink, paper, and postage these days. Yes.

Included in this issue: a cover by William Rotsler, gent.

Winds of Change by Dainis Bisenieks.

A review of Creatures From Beyond by Wayne Hooks

And Now the Weather by Neal Wilgus

And whatever else is probably by Roy Tackett.

Except for the rest of this page which is doodling space for Ed Cox.



## WINDS OF CHANGE

BY

DAINIS BISENIEKS

Ursula LeGuin, The Wind's Twelve Quarters, Harper & Row 1975, 303 pages, \$8.95

While waiting for a new novel, we can console ourselves with (at last) this collection of seventeen stories. I call it good news but not great news. The bes, I am sure, are known: it's good to have them in one place with others in this "retrospective"; together with a foreward and some notes on each. A few changes have been made (some making the future history more consistent) and several title changes reversed.

Most of the early stories would pass unremarked but for the author's later reputation. Some readers may like the confessed open romanticism of "Semley's Necklace", which became the Prologue of Rocannon's World. "April In Paris" is a fantasy of time travel, with a professor, an alchemist, and a future archeologist. It ignores the dangers and discomforts of living in the past that most "idea" writers would focus on. "The Masters" has a hackneyed theme, the reactionary post-catastrophe society and the seeker of knowledge. Well, all SF themes are now hackneyed: we look to the treatment. Here I think the rhetoric is not under full control. So the ending, "...into exile and towards his home," is too much of a gesture, like the word "darkness" in City of Illusions.

Choices. Choices are hard, but they must be felt as hard if the story is to succeed. In "Darkness Box", the dangerous box contains darkness: shadows and time. The prince who lets them out knows that his struggle with his brother will no longer be timeless: only one will return. But it all seems bloodless. In "The Word of Unbinding", a wizard battling an evil sorcerer sees victory only in a crossing into the realm of Death, though: "If I am wrong, men will think me a coward." This self-abnegation appears also in "Winter's King", but (like "Darkness Box") the story is too short, the characters too undeveloped to move me. "The Rule of Names", another Earthsea story, is a humorous tale with, possibly, an alternate history of the dragon Yevaud.

"Winter's King" introduces Gethen with a story of a later King Argaven, "mindformed" with induced compulsions and choosing abdication and flight through space and time to another world where the damage can be undone. It was written before the androgyny of the Gethenians was discovered: the changes here include an alteration of pronouns. How this changes my perception of it, I'm not sure: I read even the original version after the novel, which adds to my perception of the Ekumen and its representatives. Even so, there is much to reflect on: the Edumen, the King's choices and feelings. Might this, under other circumstances, have grown into a novel? This story fits in: and that defines a writer who is not content to give readers only more of the same.



"The Good Trip", a vision of search and reunion. "Nine Lives" (original version), the famous one about the survivor of a clone of 10 learning of self and other and of what can pass between them. The perilous planet of the story is a character, too. This is true science fiction, worthy to be studied (as it can be in the anthology Those Who Can).

"Things" ("The End" from Orbit 6) is one of a class of stories conveniently labeled for us as "psychomyths", exploring a kind of relation between men and the world. Some of Kafka's stories could be labeled so, or Shirley Jackson's. Here, a society of someplace, sometime, is ending: men are ceasing to make and are destroying the things by which they live. But one man, a maker of bricks, dreams of continuance, of crossing the sea to the mythical Islands. The means he can find will scarcely reach: not the discovery of swimming (symbol!). But at the end, for him and his wife and child--miracle or dream?--a boat comes. This is the real thing, and what gives it force is the profusion of perceived detail: people and, yes, the homely things of their existence.

The liking some of us have for the medieval worlds of history and fiction, and for the archaic worlds of fantasy, is not reactionary or atavistic. Behind it is the perfectly sensible feeling that the only real things are those sanctified by use or by the powers of hand and mind that went into their making. I did not love the first two typewriters I had; I do love, for all its quirks, my pre-WW II Remington portable, which has no frills. Here, and in Earthsea, and in Middle-earth, lamp, cloak, bread can evoke, should evoke objects whose forms speak of their making, so that we see them with eyes not dazed by the repetition of mass-produced forms. Yes, Dr. Asimov: I know that in any past century we would have been brutalized toilers. I know that utopias like Morris's News From Nowhere are pipe dreams. I know that to speak ill of technology is cheap and easy. Whatever progress may mean, said Robert Frost, it can't mean making it easier to save one's soul.

Is there no such goodness or baraka in the things of today or tomorrow? I should not say so, but they are too complex to be used evocatively unless in a novel. Delany's Nova, maybe? The person of the story has to be a user, not a consumer, of course. But how much clearer the uses of lamp, cloak, bread than of car, computer, elevator.

I do not quite understand "A Trip to the Head", but it is of the same kind as Bester's "5,271,009". "Vaster Than Empires and More Slow" is of the same kind as "Nine Lives"; some rhetoric has been cut from the beginning and some details reconciled with The Dispossessed.

The author explains "The Stars Below": "...about science itself--the idea of science. And about what happens to the idea of science when it meets utterly opposed and powerful ideas... I was also using science as a synonym for art. What happens to the creative mind when it is driven underground?" Underground--literally: the astronomer hiding in a silver mine. Consider the title; read the story.

I do not understand "The Field of Vision".



I will not try to touch "Direction of the Road" with any kind of "explanation". It has the perfection we associate with a poem where every word counts: and every sentence clearly has a part in the unfolding of its meaning. It can be read several times on end. It pleases me more than "The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas", which is not only a psychonyth about a scapegoat but also a parody of the romantic cities of sword and sorcery. For can such rhetoric take itself seriously? No, and there are letdowns, "As you like it" comments here and there.

Last, "The Day Before the Revolution", another prizewinner. It is not science fiction--no matter if its setting is another planet. True, there is no room on Earth for one who has shaken history as much as Laia Asieo Odo, the revolutionary and thinker behind the society of Anarres in The Dispossessed. The story is wholly about that person: old and enfeebled by a stroke, but all her past selves still alive within her; knowing herself different from others' perception of her: not the venerable dignified elder, not the helpless, sexless old woman. Not a proper Odonian.

Perception and choice: these are the key, the "secret" of Ursula LeGuin's fiction.

DAINIS BISENIEKS

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#### THEY WAS ALL OF 'EM OUT OF STEP BWT ROYTAC

As steady readers of DYNATRON have probably suspected, I am not one of the adulators of Ursula LeGuin's fiction. I admit that I have not read much of it--three stories to be exact--but, for me, she hit with only one of three.

So maybe I'm missing something. According to the comments in the fanzines the Australian fans consider LeGuin to be the greatest thing to come along since Waltzing Matilda. British fandom ranks her alongside Stapledon in the SF pantheon. (Eastercon1976's choice for the best three SF books of all time: Last And First Men by Stapledon, The Rose by Charles L. Harness, The Dispossessed by LeGuin.) Vast numbers of American and Canadian fen rave about her work.

I'm not so sure. The first LeGuin story I read was Nine Lives. Excellent. I was impressed. As Dainis says, this is true science fiction. Following that I tried three times to read The Left Hand of Darkness. I gave up and put it on the shelf. Maybe I'll try it again someday. Likely not. Next came that ghod-awful Taoist mishmash, The Lathe of Heaven which would get my vote as one of the worst stories ever written. And finally there was LeGuin's paen to communism, The Dispossessed. (No, please don't try to tell me that was about "anarchism". The society of Anarres was communism, pure and simple.) If I was 18 years old I might have been impressed with The Dispossessed but being into my second half-century I found it reminiscent of the sophomoric political arguments of 30+ years ago. Old hat.

No, I am not impressed by LeGuin. One good story out of four. Not too good a batting average.

(Yeah, I know I misspelled "paean" up there. Too much trouble to correct it out and correct, though.)

ROY TACKETT

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CREATURES FROM BEYOND, edited by Terry Carr. Thomas Nelson, Inc. 1975, 192 pages, \$6.95

REVIEWED BY WAYNE HOOKS

Every anthology has a theme. The theme of CREATURES FROM BEYOND is loosely based upon science fiction and fantasy stories about alien creatures. Beyond this general theme, the stories included seem to be chosen more by caprice than by any logical reasoning process. The stories included are certainly no strangers to even the casual science fiction reader. Their familiarity is anathema to the science fiction and fantasy aficionado who possesses a fairly extensive library and has already seen them in several previous anthologies.

The Worm by David H. Keller, copyright 1927, was reprinted from AMAZING STORIES. It is somewhat reminiscent of Lovecraft's Mythos horror stories. However, it lacks the psychological depth of many horror stories. Also, it lacks motivation. The plot is the conflict between a miller and a monster which is burrowing underneath his mill and undermining it. The miller is a study in psychological obsession. But no explanation is ever given of what the creature is precisely or why it does what it does. Considering the age of the story, it is very well written.

Don-ald Wollheim is well known in science fiction circles. His story, Minic, was copyrighted in 1942. The basic theme of the story is that, in nature, many animals exist by minicing the characteristics of other animals better suited for survival. Why shouldn't this mimicry extend also to the higher animals, including man? Why shouldn't another species survive by reproducing the characteristics of homo sapiens? Unfortunately, too much is explained in the first few pages of the story so the reader anticipates the ending, robbing the story of the suspense it attempts to build.

It by Theodore Sturgeon is the story of a bog creature formed from humus on a human skeleton, held together by will. Copyrighted in 1940, the idea was new then. However, in the ensuing years, the previous reprints of this particular story, other authors' utilizing the concept and comics seizing upon the idea, have rendered the idea stale and hackneyed.

According to the cover, Beauty and the Beast by Henry Kuttner has never been reprinted before. This must be a mistake. How can story be familiar and yet never be reprinted since 1940? The story is typical Kuttner, a satirical comment on how man decides who his enemies are and man's weakness for beauty, often looking no deeper than the surface beauty or lack of it.

Some Are Born Cats by Terry and Carol Carr is the most recent story in the collection, being copyrighted in 1973. It is a trivial science fiction fantasy more suited to a juvenile anthology. It is the story of a girl and her brother, with the classic stereotyped brother-sister relationship and their cat, whom they find out is a fugitive amoeba from Procyon.

Full Sun by Brian Aldiss was originally published in ORBIT 2 in 1967. It is the story of a future dominated by machines. A common theme, Aldiss introduces a new element, that of werewolves against technology.

Perhaps the best story in this anthology is Silent Colony by Robert Silverberg. Too often, alien intelligence is thought of in



terms of outlandish creatures or humanoids. Yet, might not the most every day things be sentient, only not raised yet to full consciousness? It is a fascinating concept which Silverberg explores.

What is reality and what is illusion has plagued philosophers for centuries. Therefore, The Street That Wasn't There by Clifford D. Simak and Carl Jacobi is severely dated, being copyrighted in 1941. The plot concerns aliens invading our dimension of reality, destroying our reality, replacing it with their own.

Dear Devil by Eric Frank Russell is a story rich in characterization. It relies upon a staple science fiction plot, that of benevolent Martians coming to a war-ravaged Earth on an expedition.

CREATURES FROM BEYOND is one of those ubiquitous anthologies which have been flooding the market in recent years. It is a hodgepodge of science fiction stories which do not have much in common. Merely anthologizing stories which are dated and have been reprinted many times before may prove enjoyable reading to the novice SF reader, however, there are many other excellent anthologies which will serve this function in a much superior fashion. Undercredited and overpriced, CREATURES FROM BEYOND will be avoided by the discerning reader.

WAYNE HOOKS

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### ...AND NOW THE WEATHER

by

NEAL WILGUS

Groaning Hinges, Pa. (LEAK) - In spite of the fact that ordinary communications have broken down due to the weather crisis, news reports continue to filter in from all parts of the world. The picture they paint is a black one indeed.

A lone flyer reached Denver today to report 25 feet of snow in Mexico City. Blizzards also continue to cover South America, Africa and Australia while Canada and Siberia reported their fourth month of drouth and high temperatures when last heard from. Explorers at the north pole report that the melting of the ice cap is proceeding so rapidly that it's only a matter of weeks before it disappears altogether. No word has been received from the third south polar expedition.

Coastal areas are under at least fifteen feet of water the world over and all seaports are closed as a result of the rise in ocean levels. In addition, most countries bordering the Pacific have suffered badly from a series of earthquakes which have permanently altered the face of several continents. Rumors continue to assert that new land bodies have risen from the oceans and that strange forms of undersea life have been spotted, but since few seagoing craft have been heard from in the past few weeks, no verification is possible.

Active volcanos are rumored all over the world with the most violent ones reported to be in the United States, Central Europe and northern China. Volcanos are responsible for the destruction of hundreds of cities, towns and villages and for unknown



numbers of wildfires. It is impossible to guess at the number of lives lost to lava flows and suffocation.

Although few planes are still able to fly and most reports are impossible to verify, there is some evidence that large land areas in the Mediterranean region have been submerged. Low lying areas such as the California desert and large parts of Texas are also endangered by the rising waters and scientists fear that the land bridge between North and South America might soon be washed away. No word of any kind has been heard from the Florida area in over a week.

Scientists report heavy sunspot activity over the past six months, but refuse to link the phenomenon to the weather troubles on earth. Also reported by scientific observers the world over is an unusual rise in radiation coming from space and a corresponding change in the magnetic field surrounding earth. These developments are of such an unusual nature, however, that no scientist is willing to suggest what the significance might be.

Experts are at a loss to explain the series of catastrophies which have plagued the earth over the past year although a number of possibilities have been suggested. Some theorized that the earth's axis is in the process of shifting, while others feel there is reason to believe the Moon's orbit is changing, causing massive readjustments on the earth's surface. Still others, scornning explanations of astronomic origin, believe that some action of man's, such as the testing of nuclear weapons or pollution of the atmosphere, is responsible for the disasters.

But whatever the cause, the best advice we can think of is to grit your teeth and hang on. Hurricane force winds are being reported more and more widely and apparently we ain't seen nothin yet.

NEAL WILGUS

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### WRITINGS IN THE SAND

wherin

Roytac takes over

The last issue of this supposedly quarterly publication was published in November of last year (to the best of my recollection) which means that I have fallen way behind. It is unlikely that I'll get caught up. To do so I'd have to publish three more issues this year besides this one. Not entirely out of the question but not at all probable either.

I suppose that some sort of explanation is due to the faithful subscribers who have waited patiently (and silently) for DYNATRON to appear. There really isn't much to say other than I just haven't had the

time available for fanac. Mundane matters have pressed in and fanac has had to take second place. At least this type of fanac. I have, to be sure, been involved in a number of other things fannish which have not, unfortunately, offered the satisfaction which comes with this sort of communication.

In early December I managed to wrangle a promotion and a new assignment--something completely different from my previous job. Of necessity there were many hours spent learning the new job which has to do with electronic instrumentation, gigantic gamma ray



generators, and other exotic machinery involving radiation testing for the USAF.

December also involved a trip to California. Chrystal's brother was elected ~~XXXXXX/01/XHE/XXXXX/XLXHX/01/XHE/000~~ Master of his Masonic Lodge (ILLUMINATUS anyone?) so we mad the trip to San Mateo to see him installed.

I am not a Mason, or anything else if you discount things fannish, but there are several million people on this planet who consider being elected Master of a Masonic Lodge to be a rather high honor. So we made the trip. The ritual was impressive. It also gave Chrystal the opportunity to visit with a number of other relatives she hadn't seen in quite a while.

I didn't make any great attempt to contact Bay Area fandom while we were there because I'm not really sure there is any. A few individual fen scattered about, I suppose, but I have no idea whether any of the clubs still exist. We drove around Oakland looking for old landmarks. As an old San Franciscan it grieves me to admit that we once lived in Oakland but we did for a few months in 1956. In Haddon Street, it was. Gad, he said, that was 20 years ago.

We later drove Chrystal's mother back to Los Angeles. Down 101, of course. The only other road worth thinking about is California One and Chrystal refuses to go south on 1. She has no objection at all to going north on 1. Going north one is on the land side, you see. Going south one is on the ocean side and the ocean is usually several hundred feet down. Straight down.

I fully intended to visit LASFS while in Los Angeles but the fog closed in on Thursday evening. I'm a coward. I'm not all that keen on driving the southern California freeways during the day...I studiously avoid doing so on foggy nights.

In February we took a good look at 913 and told the tenants they'd have to move which they did in mid-March. With the exception of three weeks in April we spent the rest of the time up until the first of August repairing that house. Chrystal and I did most of the work ourselves since having it done professionally was out of the question. The contractors in this area complain loudly about lack of work. When one considers the prices they charge one knows why they don't have anything to do.

Let me give you a for instance. For instance we decided that the best way to take care of the battered walls in the living room of 913 was to panel them. That was something we had never attempted before so we had a contractor in to give us an estimate on the job. He said \$1200. I said No. We bought all the panneling and installation material for about \$75 at a local building supply store, I took a couple of days off from work, and we did it ourselves. Doing it yourself saves money but is time consuming and that's the main reason DYNATRON hasn't appeared until now.

Ed Cox, doodle here:



NOTES FROM ARINAM

Number 8

Autumn 1976

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107  
for the 157 mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Alliance.

Mah goo'ness, lookit at all them little dots.

It appears that the Albuquerque plot to sieze control of FAPA was crushed by the Eastern Establishment. Still Juffus managed to take over as Secretary which, as we all know, is the real position of power.

This was the first non-controversial election in a couple of years and it is nice to have a legally-elected officialdom once again. Including a veep with two heads. Astounding! Congratulations to all.

X  
DAGLOCKE: They tell me, Dean, that we all slow down with age although I have always thought it to be the miles, not the years, and FooFoo knows I've got a bunch of both behind me. I think I'd get a lot more done if I didn't have to get up so early to go to work. By the time evening and fanac time rolls around I'm usually beat.

Well, actually, I was sort of a beat back in the late 40s. Or was that before the beats? These things all seem to fade away with time.

Neither of the Albuquerque papers carries any of the comics you mention although the evening paper still runs Alley Opp and I can even remember him from the days before the time machine showed up in Moo.

Dave: Deja vu is a fairly common experience, I'm told, and there are several hypothetical explanations for it; none of them, however, really seem to explain it. I have experienced it on several occasions when younger although nothing in recent years. I wonder if age has something to do with it? One explanation is that the mind gives you an instant replay which leads you to think you've been down that road before. Maybe. I'm disinclined to accept that particular explanation although I have nothing to offer on my own.

X  
SNICKERSNEE: If you're that far behind in the mailings you may well have gone off in a new direction by the time you read this. I offer no comment at all on your cessation of fiction writing. What I would like to see you do is go back to doing the anthropology books which, as you well know, you did quite well, and was/are quite respected in that field. (That's a terrible sentence.)

I am semi-retired as a traveling jiant although not by choice. That ol' debbil inflation is what is cutting back on my journeying and I damwell object because there is so much I have yet to see. I was stung by the desire to travel way back when I was a kid and I suppose that was one of the things that kept me in the Marines---moving on. But there is still so much that I haven't seen, places I haven't explored.



KITCHEN SINK: Ah, Markstein, you rush too hastily to conclusions. We did not--and most likely will not--get involved in the Angola fracas. I would say that the government tested the waters, so to speak, and found that there would be no popular support for involvement in the Dark Continent. It's too far away. Make no mistake there were a number of feelers out with all sorts of pronouncements as to how the loss of Angola would be a grave menace to our shipping and oil supplies. Haven't heard much about that lately.

Maybe Angola, Louisiana.

Or something close to home such as Mexico. Consider that if we could arrange an incident between Mexico and Guatemala we could then go to the rescue of the Guatemalans--taking over the Mexican oil fields en passant. Perhaps the only thing stopping us is that we'd be stuck with fifty million Mexicans.

APWRUX QUARTERLY: Welcome to FAPA, BDarthurs, and all that rot. What are you trying to do, destroy my myth? Dammit, Arthurs, I am old... ancient even.

Heh. See you people got stuck with the '78 worldcon. Have a good time. Keep an eye on Suncon to see what happens there because Big Mac turned out to be more of a regular burger and the 7000 expected attendees turned out to be about 2500. Or so I'm told.

FAPANZAPABITS: Not at all amazing how many fen get involved in the bookselling business. Not too many make a go of it, though. Luck.

JDMB BULLETIN: Gad, have there been 16 McGee books up to now? Haven't read them all although I've gone through a good sample. MacDonald is a good writer and can always be counted on to get in a reference or two that is of interest to stfen.

ACTUALLY I'M ONLY 15...Gee, Bill, you're a publishing jiant.

TESTING ALL SYSTEMS #5: I really don't think you should get page credit for this sort of thing.

WILD HOG: By the time you get around to eyetracking this the election will, fortunately, be over and the winner, whatever it may be, will be talking about his mandate. But it occurs to me that, things being what they are, somewhat less than 50% of the possible electorate will go to the polls and the great winnah will end up with a mandate from maybe 30% of those eligible to vote and that should give him something to think about. What sort of mandate does he get from the other 70%?

The Bionic Whatzits...now you know what Jamie meant when she asked steve to give her the screwdriver.

The magstands at the Base PX moved PLAYBOY and its ilk to the top shelf and put a board labeled "Adult reading material" in front of them. I was going through the various stacks of hobby mags trying to find a copy of GALAXY one day (you never know where the stf will be hidden) when some chicken kernel (you spell it your way, I'll spell it my way) on an inspection tour asked the store manager "And where have you put your pornography? Ah, yes, I see it. That's well." Maybe that should be "curnel"? Yes, I think that is more proper.



Still with Vardebobble. Agreed that insurance is one of the larger rip-offs around these days but because it is so big--billions of dollars involved--no governmental body at any level is going to do anything about it. All of us pay out hundreds of dollars each year to the insurance companies and seldom see anything in the way of return from it. One of these days....

TIME TRAVEL QUESTIONNAIRE: I didn't send this back to you, Don, for a number of reasons but a few off-the-cuff answers anyway.

Three favorite stories utilizing time travel. Hmmm. All You Zombies, of course. Up The Line which was an absolute delight. And, I suppose, that series by Niven wherein the time traveller keeps ending up in fantasy worlds since Niven considers time travel to be fantasy. And I tend to agree with that.

I enjoy time travel stories, to be sure, but no, I don't think it to be in the realm of possibility. I am aware that Einstein postulated that we should be able to travel in time as have other thinkers but I remain unconvinced.

As to what is "time"...heh, that's a subject we could do pages on for the next x years. You start. I dunno, Don, I've about reached the place where the discussion of subjects such as time don't really turn me on much. Time is what puts all of us in the grave.

SYNAPSE: 90-day-wonder may have different meanings but the connotation it has always carried for me was its application to the brand-new 2nd Lieutenants of WWII. 90-day-wonders in that was the amount of time they spent in OCS.

Ah, yes, I recommonber one we had as platoon leader when we went into Peleliu. Except for a few yards of sandy beach Peleliu is solid coral. We managed to get a few yards off the beach the first day and towards evening this genius says, "OK, men, dig in."

"Pardon?" I asked.

"Have the men break out their entrenching tools and dig in."

"Lieutenant," I said, "have you looked at what we're standing on?" He gazed at his feet. "You couldn't dig into this stuff with dynamite."

"Well!" He welled. "Have you a better suggestion, Sergeant?"

"Yeah. Either pull back to the beach and dig or keep your ass down and hope we don't get hit tonight."

We went back to the beach.

Tsk. And after making that great ten yard advance during the day, too.

90 day wonders.

I have to disagree with myself. The Rayud Creme soda has a slightly different taste than the carmel colored. At least there is a differente between Fanta Rayud and Pleasure Time. But then Pleasure Time costs less than half of what Fanta does.

Almost any of that bunch between Old Hickory and Honest Abe is a candidate for most obscure president although, I suppose, Tippecanoe has the distinction of having served the shortest period of time--unless one counts Atchison (and nobody does). Up until a few years ago Millard Filmore was probably the most obscure--he was revived on a comedy record about Nixon....

Nixon to cleaning lady: What are they saying about me?

Cleaning lady: Who, sir?

Nixon: The little people, the folk downstairs.



Cleaning lady: Well, sir, they're saying you're better than some and worse than others.

Nixon: Who are they saying I'm better than?

Cleaning lady: Millard Filmore.

Owel...

I have often wondered, yer honor, how your judgships manage to keep track of all the precedents. Do you have clerks going through old and musty tomes to learn how Judge Smif of Obscure County, Georgia, ruled on a similar case in 1791?

Back to Vardeman: Your last paragraph reminds me of Leonard Wibberley's peculiar new book One In Four. I think the best I can do here is quote the dust jacket notes:

"Out there in space, we know, trillions of planets circle about their suns, galaxy upon galaxy. What we do not know is whether life exists upon any of them. It may be that only Earth is thus distinguished, but the laws of chance alone urge other wise..."

"It is the premise of One in Four that life does exist elsewhere in the universe. Such, indeed, is SCOP (Supercivilizations, Outher Planets), a culture infinitely more ancient than our own. Its beings are pure intellect, and its other name is Death. It is skilled in the instantaneous transmission of thought. And by this means - the effort aided by a malignant earthly government - it is programming American civilization to destruction..."

"With this concept Leonard Wibberley embarks upon this extraordinary and extraordinarily provocative novel - science fiction of a superior order."

That last phrase is nonsense, of course, but One in Four is an interesting book in many ways and Wibberley manages to get off a number of interesting one-liners.

SCOP comes from a galaxy "as far beyond Andromeda as Andromeda is from us." or some such and is out to help Earth save itself from destruction by reducing the population by three-fourths. To this end there is a concentrated program, using subliminals, etc., to make death desirable. Wibberley says there must be something like this behind the population control movement for how else could an America accustomed to the mores of the Bible Belt come to accept such things as abortion? Or at least one of his characters so speaks.

There are a lot of parallels in the book to, say, Arisia and Eddore (or good and evil, if you prefer) but Wibberley's message seems to be that Satan is loose in the world and doing his damndest to destroy it.

A peculiar book. Interesting thoughts about population control, the possible emergence of a ruling elite determined to eliminate the 75% of the population considered worthless and surplus.

Think on that and think on how many people express the idea that we'd be much better off without all those people on welfare or performing essentially useless tasks at make-work jobs.

This is a book I think should be read but with a lot of reservations.

Funny, yes, how a stfan's judgement is colored by his deep involvement in the field when it comes to assessing mainstream books that intrude into science fiction. It is difficult to kepp from judging One in Four as bad science fiction when it shouldn't be judged as SF at all.



DAMBALLA 32: Inasmuch as we all know that nobody, but nobody, is going to overlook a typo in his own name we can only assume, Chuch, that you've changed yours.

You are correct in that I am too serious to go for that SCA stuff. My main reaction to SCA is that anyone who thinks life was better in the XIII Century knows nothing of history. Verily, Chas, I am a child of the Twentieth Century with all that means and really cannot work up any interest in fantasy games. Take Dungeons and Dragons, for instance. You go on at some length about it and I can't even get warm about it. Now if it was the real thing with the possibility of coming up with a real treasure horde...well, even as old and fat as I am, I'm sure that I could work up an interest in going dungeon searching and a good rifle should take care of any fool dragons that come poking around.

Ah, Roytac, you are saying, you have no imagination. Sure I do, Chuck, only it runs along different lines.

KITTLE PITCHERING: Seems more a collection of crud sheets than anything else.

I haven't read too much Nero Wolfe...mostly back when the stories appeared in the old AMERICAN magazine. Wolfe was interesting but not someone I waxed enthusiastic over. My favorite tecs included the early Ellery Queen, Chandler, Hammett, and a few others. Gad, in younger days I even enjoyed Charlie Chan.

CACOETHES: I recall something about Iran . . . celebrating its 2nd Millennium or somesuch with appropriate ceremonies at Persepolis and the like but never did really check it out. All things considered I must wonder how they compute...do they leave out the periods when Persia was under foreign domination? Mayhap because the Persian Empire goes back to about 500 BC, give or take a hundred years or so. On the other hand maybe that's how many millions of dollars the Shah has in his personal treasury and that was what he was celebrating.

You raise an interesting point there, Dian, about "our generation" being the last to die or the first to live forever. A recent report had some medical practitioner saying that he was on the trail of an enzyme that would increase the lifespan by 10 times. How many of us, I wonder, would actually accept immortality if it were offered? There would have to be a number of things that go along with it: some method of rejuvenating both the body and the brain--particularly the brain. Who would want to live forever as a senile oldster? I think I'd pass. I begin to grow weary.

FOG ON ICE: Gad, another bookbinder. I'm not knocking it Creath, 'tis noble.

What we have here is, mayhap, a generation gap in language. Let me say that Speer is not alone in not grasping the phrase "bummed out". Had you not quoted from the Dictionary of American Slang, I would not have known the meaning. I could have assumed a general meaning that would probably have come close but there would have been some uncertainty. The slanguage of youth changes as rapidly as do the faces of youth--which is why we have Standard English.

On the other hand I see nothing cryptic about "W J Daugherty in Stefnews".



SPLENDIFEROUS STORIES: Ah, yes. Somewhere in this stack of paper there are the notes for a TAFF report but I'll take this opportunity to thank you and Val publically for your splendiferous hospitality. But you do bring up a horrible thought...do you realize that without copies of ASF to flash at likely looking strangers all fandom might still consist of 5 guys in New York, 3 in Philadelphia and Forry Ackerman?

Britain spoiled one thing for Chrys and me, you know. After sampling the various libations available in the pubs I fear that U.S. beer will never satisfy my tastebuds again.

You'll be pleased to know that the Jeeves originals we purchased at Mancon are duly hung in the living room where visitors can ooh and aah at them.

SEEDS & STEMS: Hardly any of us read pulps any more. Sigh. Ah, if only we could. Come to think of it, though, Terry, we now have the pulps on the tube. 'Tain't the same, though.

HORIZONS: I see nothing wrong with poking fun or villifying the dead. I remember one time Gem Carr took me to task for sounding off about Joe McCarthy (St Joseph McCarthy as he's called by the ultra-right) what with the poor man being dead and all that. I replied that I had said the same thing about the sonofabitch while he was alive and saw no reason, just because he was dead, to change my opinion. Gem never "talked" to me after that.

I wonder, Harry, just what comforts Christianity supplied? Most Christian preachers seem to be the hell-fire and brimstone type who preach a vengeful god. Not much comfort there.

Street peddlers. For as long as can be remembered the Indians have sold their wares along the walkway at the Palace of the Governors (the oldest public building in the U.S.) in Santa Fe. About a year ago an Anglo (as they're called in these parts, podnuh) took the city to court claiming discrimination because he wasn't allowed to sell his wares there. This inspired the same sort of action in Albuquerque's Old Town Plaza where the Indians spread out there wares for the tourists and some Anglos wanted in on the action. Consternation in the municipal governments of both cities and it is still not settled so far as I know. The Albuquerque city council has been making noises about a limited number of permits for street peddlers and all others would be forbidden. I think the whole thing is still hung up on how the permits will be divided among the various ethnics. It is, he said smirkingly, amusing.

Page 3011: "Irregardless"???? Tsk.

We currently have some flak going here between the judges and the parole authorities over parole policies. NM has a sort of indeterminate sentence law in which a convicted criminal can be sentenced to, say, from 2 to 10 years. He is then eligible for parole after he has served 30% of the minimum, the 2 years. The judges--and a lot of the populace--are now saying that the criminal should have to serve at least that minimum before he comes up for parole. The matter will probably be brought up at the next meeting of the legislature. (For my part I want them to serve the maximum without parole....)

And did you catch the report of the National Prisons Commission--or whatever it was called--that the reason there was so much trouble in the prisons was because they were full of criminals. Fascantastic!



HORIZONS (still): I imagine J. Stanley Woolston can probably enlighten us on the current status of N'APA. One of its problems, at least in later days, was interference from the N3F Directorate which insisted on setting all the rules and regulations for the apa. Another, as I recall, although I haven't belonged to N'APA for some years, was that it was made up of foggy fuggheads who even forgot, among other things, to hold the annual election at a time when the OE had announced his retirement.

The hopes for finding lifeforms on Mars seem to be growing dim since up to date (6Oct76) the Vikings have not yet turned up any organic material at all. Still, I am not fully convinced of the reliability of these robot experiments. I heard one spokesman for JPL say that the robots are not programmed to give a negative reply on the question of life on Mars--only "yes" or "don't know". Mayhap some FAPAN whose memory is better than mine can identify the story about the space explorer on Pluto who announced that he had found life on that remote outpost of the Solar System. Turned out that none of the other Solar worlds had yielded life and he knew this was the last chance to maintain any interest in going on to the stars, so he created life on Pluto.

Mars, like Venus, grows ever more mysterious as the data comes back from the Vikings and we are going to have to put men down on their surfaces before we can begin to come up with answers.

Your highly amusing story of the sewer problems reminds me of the story Diana sent from Beatrice, Nebraska. Seems that city was using some sort of high-pressure device to clean their sewer lines and warned the residents to make sure that the lids were down on their toilet bowls because, when the pressure device was in operation, they tended to perform like geysers. Be a hell of a shock if one happened to be sitting there, no?

I don't know if you could get by with it or not but we have...Los Ranchos also has an ordinance decreeing that fences shall be four feet high. Since I wanted to put up a screen between me and that mess next door I built a four foot fence--only I set it two feet off the ground.

FLOCCIetc: It really shouldn't be any great strain to LOC the interesting fanzines, Mike, because there aren't that many of them. You like fanzines, I like fanzines, we all like fanzines, but, be honest, most of them are filled with trivialities and banality. Particularly the so-called "feanish" fanzines. I'm not singling them out, mind you, because 90% of the sercon zines are a waste of paper, too, and it is a waste of time to read them. But read them we do. It is rather amusing that we in fandom like to boast of our intellectuality (is that a word?) when an objective look at nine out of ten fanzines would indicate that there is damned little of that around.

Because, I suppose, most of us are middle-class types whose intellectual achievements are duly reflected by Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.

ULTIMATE SOUTH: Laser Books, and most other paperbacks both stf and nonstf, are the pulp magazines of the 1970s. They are aimed at that mythical 12-year-old mind that the masses are suppose to have. Actually, I think that 12-year level is a bit high when it comes to considering the mass mind.



SAMBO: Sounds as if you have much fun with The Drunkard, Sam. It is the sort of show that both cast and audience can have a ball with.  
AFTERTHOUGHTS: I enjoy Holmes, as I have oft stated, but have never gotten as deeply involved as do many people. I'll read pastiches and books about Holmes (such as The World of Sherlock Holmes, which I just finished) but never work up the enthusiasm of, say, Chuck Hansen. Just not my nature, I guess.

((What do you get enthusiastic about, Roytac? Uh, next question, please.))

ZUCCHINI WHATZIT'S: OK, Don. I'll pass it along to Chrystal who is in charge of the zucchinis around here.

THE BEST LINES ARE WINGED: Not this time around, chaps.

Which seems to bring us to the end of the August mailing with still some space left.

At the October meeting of the ASFS Walter Williams returned from Boston and announced that he had arranged for us to get a special discount price at the local Encore Theater to see The Last Days of Man on Earth which was, he said, a screen adaptation of Moorcock's The Final Programme, a Jerry Cornelius adventure.

So at 8:45 pm on Friday, the 8th of October, the vast hordes of the ASFS trekked--no, that's not the right word--we're not really Trekkies--drove out on Albuquerque's east Central Avenue to the Encore Theater which is a half-block in any direction from a pornfic theater. We paid \$1.25 each (discounted from \$2) and stumbled around finding seats in the theater which must have held at least 100 people. And how was the movie, you asked? ((You didn't? No matter.)) A rather typical British-made B picture. It must have cost at least £100 to produce. Science fiction only by the broadest definition--more James Bondish than anything else and not very good at that. I haven't read The Final Programme (and likely will not) so I can't say how faithful an adaption to the screen the movie was. As a more or less off the cuff judgement I would have to say that it was, anyway, better than Glen and Randa. But, then, almost anything is better than Glen and Randa. The Last Days of Man on Earth. Be sure to miss it if you can.

A note in the local paper says that the great disaster movie fad is over and the coming thing is sci-fi films. I shudder at the thought.

And another note says that the 55 foot mechanical model of Kong which was to be used in the new version of King Kong broke down and was replaced by a guy in a gorilla suit.

Okay.

Godzilla versus Megalon?

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\*\*\*\*\*So long for now  
Roytac



Well, OK, yeah, sure. I know I cheated by running in eight pages of FAPA mailing comments with this issue but you must realize that after a year's layoff it's a bit difficult to get started again.

I do have one Letter of Comment which, although it is somewhat dated, is worth printing. Herewith is Darrell Schweitzer:

Caerfully Lyin on The Tusks  
of Whales  
Oct 18the, 1375

Sirrah,

Whan that the Maybemanne ye doorbell ringen  
And letres manie and fanzines y-bringen,  
And DYNATRON then was read biforn any others  
As is ech tyme, if y hath mine d'ruthers.

And eek hyt is y-LoCed everichon,  
Whan tyme perventure letteth oon.  
A tragedie hyt is and gret wonder  
Whan throgh editorialle blunder  
Y search the zine alle for noght  
And for mine LoC ne can finde no thoght.  
Thet thys tyme is how hyt gooth  
The ish was not thy best, i'sooth.  
Y rede alle but harde presse  
To finden comments as thou wold guesse,  
And resorten thus to cheape giminck,  
Which us condicious sadde, thus methynk.  
Thus whan Y in earlie morn y-ryse  
Hyt shold to thee be ne not surprys  
Thet whan Y thus sitten on my erse  
Y quicky gooth from bed to verse.  
Now herkneth and alle shall y telle  
Of what y thought poor and what y thoght welle  
In thys issue of DYNATRON.

Of DEGLER oon redeth anon  
And alle about hys gospel troo  
Of Cosmic Men and Hely Ghoo.  
The guy was a nutte, so manie hath seyde,  
And yet hys Legende be not deede.  
Hyt spreadeth now lyk to a seede  
Of ye mustard tree thet grooth and breede.  
Soon wol the daye bifalle  
Whan thet fans lern oon and alle,  
By Roscoe's blood that we be wood,  
Add Degler gretly mysunderstoode.  
So manie fans be slans complete with tentrils,  
Thet senden mundane folk up to the hills.  
Than of alle fen shal he requiah  
Thet Degler or noon be y-clepte Messiah.



Wythyn ye findeth much discussioun  
 Of the sorrt state and condicioun  
 Of Science fictioun, but abide thee and thynk  
 Thet in alle ages doth ninety percent of hyt stinke.  
 Y telle thes wellc ther more than decades olden  
 The SF todaye is of alle ages golden.  
 Whilom hyt was the stuffe was for kookes  
 In pulp magazines onlie and not in bookes,  
 And authores sold for oon cent a worde  
 Alle ther ryghts, the last they herd,  
 And on cover the BEM did slaver  
 And oft was published Richard Shaver,  
 Who weal or woe was ful illiterate  
 Beside in imaginacioun was he seconde rate.  
 Today the standards have ben y-raysed,  
 And Ursula LeGuin in mucche y-praysed,  
 And much is seyed all thys whyle,  
 Thet hath she a wondrous style.  
 Now whan ther was edytyngge oon Gernsback  
 And writers alle wer amateur or hack  
 The Dispossessed sure wold be rejected  
 Hyts author faire ful wel dejected,  
 Whan hir storie not ne understoode  
 and for AMAZING STORIES be too goode.

Now wol Y thys vers sure endeth,  
 To othere thynges wol Y wendeth.  
 Jodie Offutt he right, 'tis hard as helle  
 Y trowe, to writeth yven doggerel,  
 Not to mentioun poemes goode.  
 "Sblood! Y wishe thet Y koud!

Thyne for Biggere Ande Better Ultymate Abysses  
 Darrell Schweitzer, Kght.

Seems as though there ought to be some sort of editorial comment on  
 that but.....

Pish, I say, and also tush.  
 Degler's mouth was filled with mush.  
 He picked fandom, that was wrong,  
 To listen to his siren song.  
 But fandom now, and fandom then  
 was made up of faint-hearted men.  
 The average fan, alas, alack,  
 Is simply good old Joe Sixpack.  
 He said, "Claude, you are a nut."  
 And settled back upon his butt  
 To read his comix, drink his beer,  
 Watch the teevee, give a cheer  
 and talk about, in clearest diction,  
 The wonderful world of science fiction.  
 I'll agree, ol' Claude was crazy  
 Or maybe Jophan was just plain lazy.  
 Fandom's just a ghoddan hobby.  
 Don't think else - your brain gets knobby.

HORT



Unless I miscounted this is the last page. The nextish will be along  
bye and bye. Depends upon the response to this one. If you want to  
send something along for inclusion--go ahead. Winter's coming on so  
I may have more time to devote to fanac. Now all I have to do with  
this one is try to sort out the mailing list. If you happen to be a  
reviewer, a mention would be appreciated. Ave atque vale....Roytac

The new TAFF race is officially under way with three excellent candi-  
dates in the lists: Terry Jeeves, Peter Roberts and Peter Presford.  
I am acquainted with all three of these fine chaps--good fans and true,  
active in all phases of fandom. TAFF Ballots are being distributed  
with this issue of DYNATRON and, if you are a faned, I urge you to  
reproduce them and send them out with your zine. We would like to get  
the widest possible distribution. And let's make it a lively race.  
Get behind one of the candidates and let's see those ---- for TAFF  
plugs appearing. TAFF needs the support of all fans. If you belong  
to a club then get some activity going in your club--distribute ballots  
and collect votes and the like. If you're going to a con take along  
some ballots and put up some posters for your candidate. TAFF is one  
of the best of fanish causes and needs your support...both financially  
and publicity-wise.

HORT



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Roy Tackett  
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Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

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